

The Flame

By: Roland W. Peterson

We grew up next to the fence
under the "Big Flame"
We always thought that
there were two things that would never go away
The Hooiberg and
the Big Flame in the oil refinery
They gave us a sense of security and stability

Then ... then one morning when we awoke
There was no flame and no smoke
As we rubbed our eyes that morning in eighty five
Was it real or was it just an illusion?
Yes it was real, there could be no other conclusion

We felt hurt and betrayed
Our eternal flame had not stayed
Can't imagine our town without the flame
Then came the days of playing the game of blame
Little did it matter to us who was to blame
All we wanted was the flame to come back
A flame above the highest stack
So there we sat, our town in black

Then ... one day
The big iron monsters came this way
The earth trembled as the stacks and tanks fell to the ground
Dark clouds covered this once vibrant town
We saw the streets forsaken
Anger grew as we felt that for a ride we were taken

Then ... one day
The lights came back this way
Look ... look there arises a stack
Our flame ...our flame is back

So there it stands,
high and majestic once more
Its glare again lights our town like before
A town that almost fell asleep is awakening once more.